





Sarah Chuccy.





CHILD OF JESUS:

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GENUINE RELIGION

IN THE SOUL OF A CHILD.

" In him there was found some good thing loses

"LOVELY IN DEATH."

BY W. NICHOLSON.

WAKEFIELD:

ON: S. D. EWINS & Co., 22, PATHENCOTER BOY SIMPRIN, MAISHALL & Co.



PREFACE

GPHE genes of Ood displays its power, and resident the second between the second levely even in childhood. "Ood displays its power is a second level of the second le

O parents and teachers, be careful to sow in youthful minds the good seed of the kingdom, that when you have laft this world, "instead of the futhers may come up the children,"—a blossed seed to serve the Lord in works of faith, and labours of love. The following extraordinary Memoir exhibits the power and beauty of religion in early life. I have arranged the materials supplied to me as rintfully as possible. The history is not an idea, but a fact. It is impossible to read it without being deeply affected by its incidents, and its pathout

W. NICHOLSON.



that lovely smile which deck'd his check, kay, has it grown more faint or weak, Because from you he's borne?



A CHILD OF JESUS.

-149-15

THE COTTAGE—ITS INHABITANTS.

#AGINE to vourself an old fashioned

I cottage very small and very plain, whose little windows are shaded by clear white cuttains, and whose door-stone is always clean and smooth. The path to the gardengate is very straight and narrow, and lined on each side by rose-bushes. Some cose who has an eye to beauty—for the smallest his of gound can be made beautiful—fans wheeled sparkling red and from the shore, and spread it all adong the path.

The freeh sea-breezes blow over the hilly ground where the cottage stands; a few old apple-trees stand on its right. It is only a mile from the ocean.

apple-trees stand on its right. It is only a mile from the ocean. Now you have the cottage and the graveled walk, I will describe the carden. It was

very small, but large enough to hold a great variety of choice flowers. A few apple-trees. a very low, choice peach tree, and bushes of currants and blackberries grew there—the latter strangling against and over a pretty white paling. The road that led to the busy city was much travelled by flaring coaches of red and black; by great hay-carts, carrying their fragrant treasures where they might change them into silver and gold. Then, as there was a beach not far off-a white, glistening level, where many a tinted shell and many a bright weed cuddled together—there were carriages and stately equipages, filled with ladies and gentlemen, often passing and repassing. Sometimes little girls would shout as they came in sight of the red cottage-I forgot to tell you it was red-for they became accustomed to see at one of the windows a pale, patient face, that never looked envious. although it could not move round among the roses, and the helpless limbs could never bound over the green sward. It was a pretty face; sickly to be sure, but there a God-sent patience rested. The eyes almost haunted you after they had once given that earnest

gentle, filled with a look that long-waiting gives to one.

But there was often another face seen beside that of the sick child. Oh! it was such a rosy, round ball of a face, and the eyes laughed and the cheeks dimpled-for it was health that cave it beauty. And Kitty-I believe that is your name-remember that if you cherish goodness and cleanliness, you are cherishing beauty. Sometimes, to be sure, a sickly face is lovely, but that is when heaven's peace has entered it. Did you ever see an alabaster vase, white as the snow-drift, clear as the drop of dew through which the red of the flower is visible? And have you known any one to place a little lamp within that vase? Oh! what a glow of pure, soft amber there was made by the little light shining through the vase ! Well, when some sick faces have grown very clear, very pure, like the vase of alabaster, God puts the light of his love within, and every body cries, "What a soft glow! how beautiful!"

The boy with the rosy face was called Charley; the lame, sick child, two years

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older-though no one would have thought it-was named Daniel.

I don't believe any one ever saw Daniel who did not immediately love him. One wanted to kiss that broad, white brow; one wanted to touch the curls of gold that were so thin and soft they seemed almost an illusion, except when the west wind blew through the window.

DANIEL MARKS-HIS APPLICATION-DEATH -TYPPER DANIEL

MANIEL MARKS was a carpenter. When he was first married, and brought his good young wife to the cottage, then new, and built for her, he was a strong, healthy, robust man, who could do more work than any other carpenter in town. But, sad to say, the very next day he was carried home crushed, and dreadfully disabled. Weeks stretched into months before he could walk feebly about the cottage floor; and he could not do an hour's work after his first boy was

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given to him from God. This was very sad, and very disheartening; but Daniel knew that his suffering could not last for ever. He loved God, and the thought of heaven was so delightful to him, that he tried to bear all his pain without murmuring. His wife was a noble woman. She never spent an idle moment. Upon her now devolved the task of caring for her household, and procuring the comforts of life. A neighbour worked in the little garden an hour every day, out of the pure love of doing good; so that there was always something growing there; and Mary took in sewing, spinning, and washing, and sung and smiled as she worked. The singing and the smiling did more good than the medicine; but in spite of both, Daniel wasted away; and when little Charley was nine months old, and could just lisp "Fader," after the manner of such little ones, the father lay down for the last time-but not in the sweet hed with its clean sheets of linen. No, he slept now where no baby-voice could waken him, and a sod, flower-covered, was his canopy.

Years passed over the widow, and she

12 CHILD OF ITSES. grew cheerful again. Yes, in spite of the weakness of poor little Daniel, who had never been well, she was happy. She knew that the earth was made to stay in but a little while, and that if her sweet boy died, he would go to join the angels-go to be always beckoning her to the land where flowers fade not, and treasures are never lost. Besides this, she had proof that the boy was a child of Jesus. She had taught him the Scriptures from his infancy-she had led him to the feet of the Saviour. She had been enabled to explain away all his little doubts, and strengthen his sometimes wavering faith. She had seen his tears that attested his contrition for sin-she had heard him, when he thought himself alone, plead with the Saviour of sinners to make him a child of heaven; and she had been called one day to his side when she knew, by the holy look of rapture that overspread his face, that he had learned the language of

"Mother," he said, "I have found Him." "Found Jesus, my little boy?"

"Yes. mother, I know I have found

Christ.

him. Oh, how good he is! I am so very happy!"

"I am very glad," was the low, sweet

response.

"Every thing looks so bright, mother," said the child, pointing from the window.

"All the trees are happy, and the roses and the grass—all look so beautiful now! Oh, I san glad I have found Jesus!"

"Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,"

repeated his mother.

"Yes, I want to go there," said little Daniel, fervently.

As little Charley grew, the mother was plant to see the health-bloom on his closek its fire in his eye. She traught him to be tender to the sicil cos, he who so seldom attreed from his little staffed chair, as locked so wistfully out when the sun abuse. It closed to wistfully out when the sun abuse. It has invalid into the pretty gurden, and the invalid into the pretty gurden, and the of of the roses played against the white, wan check; while Charley frolicked like a young kid, every moment coming to Daniel, to know if this wasn't nice, and that wasn't pretty!

Daniel seemed to have a strange wisdom. He was, perhaps, a poet, for he clothed his language in beauty, as a star is clothed in light, and everybody could find something in what he said to think about.

One day there were more viction than untal to the beach. If was a warm, glowing noon, when a carriege stopped in fract of the widow's house, and springing theorefrom, a child of eight summers came up the little gravated walk to the cottage doe. She was the daughter of luxury—ber dress and air of extreme fashion proved that—but at the same time, her maners were winning, and her face very genthe and petity. "If you please, may I have some water?" sated the child.

"Wouldn't you rather have milk?" asked Mrs. Marks

Mrs. Marks.
"Oh! yes, indeed!" said the little one,

eagerly; "and I may stay just as long as I please to drink it? for poor paps, he's so very ill and tired, he must wait ever so long. See the carriage has stopped under the great tree by the cate."

"Won't your father come in, too?" asked Mrs. Marks, as she was preparing to get the

milk.

"I'll go and ask him;" and away the child ran, bounding back again, however, to say that he didn't feel able, and the was resting on the carriage cushions.

The child drank her milk, and then, with an amusing familiarity, she untied and threw off her houset

"You're sick too, aint you?" she asked, as she took her position by Daniel's side, drawn thither by the sweet expression of h's rule feec.

He smiled for a reply.

"The seen you ever so many times as we drove past," she continued, "and father always says that you look like a picture in a rough frame. Don't you get tired of sitting here? I should think your mother or somebody would drive you to the beach. Oh! it's so nice there. Say, don't you get tired of staying here?"

"Not with mother," said little Daniel,

with a smile; "and if I could go, mother don't own a carriage."

"Don't she ! Why we own every thing.
We've got a great, grand house with sofas and pianos, and—and—oh! every thing!
But for all that, don't you believe I heard
my father say this very morning, that he
would be a poor man, and live in a little bit
of a place like this, willingly, if he could

only be well?"

"Does he love Jesus?" asked little Daniel.
"What! love who? Jesus! do you mean
our Saviour? Oh! I don't know; I expect
he does; but he never says any thing about
him," answered the child, an exmest look in
her great, gray eyes. "Do you love Jesus?"

"I guass I do!" cried Daniel, clasping and unclasping his thin white fingers, while a look of ineffable transport shot across his pure face. "I don't know what I should do if I didn't; for much as mother loves me, she can't keep awake with me, and Jeens is by my bedside watching, so I talk with him."

"Jesus watching! Do you mean that our Saviour comes down from heaven?"

"Oh, yes!" and under the thin white dress

the little chest dilated, and the large, soft eyes were sufficied with a luminous splendour. "Jenus comes. He's there, I know he isl for though it's so dark, and I cant even see the bed-posts or the white quilt, I seem to so a flainling in and out, and something so so a flainling in and out, and something so large the solution of the solution of the solution. I hold my arms out and whisper 'Jesse,' the flashing grows brighter, and the warm, beautiful love covers me all over. Oh, yes! I know Jesus conest to me—I know he does!"

Who, looking upon him there, his white brow uplifted, his smiling eyes fastened upon the blue heavens, could doubt but he—the little child who never could walk; who in pain and anguish had sighed on his short life—saw and held communion with that holy being?

The little girl stood still; her red lips working as if to seize upon the thought and form it into something that might solve the great mystery of his language. But presently she said:—

"Oh! I wish my father could see Him at his bedside! But then he keeps a light all night; perhaps he only comes in the dark. I hear him erosn sometimes when I wake up, and then he says it makes him impatient

and angry to lie hour after hour aching so. I wish he could see Jesus"-but then her and eyes drooped; "He couldn't be with you and him at the same time, you know."

"Oh yes! he can send his holy angels everywhere. He can be there as well as here; my mother tells me that. He goes wherever applied wants him. He'll always come-tell your father I say so: tell him I only have to say 'Jesus' in my heart, and he's sure to come and make me forget my

"Pil on tell him now-this minute," cried the child, throwing on her bonnet.

S the little girl had said, her father was tree. They had placed the carriage cushions so that he rested comfortably; and now his sister stood near, humming a gay air, and his wife, little Lilly's mother, knelt, bending over the invalid, smoothing back the brown tresses. "I am weary—weary of life," he ex-

claimed, looking up with an impatient sigh.
"I cannot even enjoy this short ride, so
terrible is this pain. Oh! for health, for
health!"

"You may get better soon," murmured his wife.
"Oh, don't say that—I'm tired of hearing

it," he responded, pettishly. "I shan't get better, I see it plainly. I grow weaker every day, and it matters but little, since—"his voice failed—his lips moved with a convulsive quiver, and turning his head aside a few hot tears fell.

"What in the world is Lilly running from the house in that style for?" cried Ellen Irving, the sick man's sister. "The child will be heated to death," she added, as breathleady the beautiful little girl unlatched the gate, and panting—trembling—so eager to speak that she could scarcely find voice she cried, "Oh, dear father—that little sick boy in there says if you'll only say 'Jesus' in your heart, he'll be sure to come and make you

forget your pain."

The invalid looked with cold eyes—the mother gazed with a strange expression gathering over lip and brow—the fashion able sister stopped the gay carol—all seemed struck with the manner and the words.

"Oh, father!—he books so huppy!" criefs the child, "and by a great doub thinser than you are—just as pale!—but he says that though he has been always sick, he don't mind it much, you know; because in the night he soes Josus stand by his bedide, and he fills his heart full of love, so that he news cone thinks of his pain. Now, Ather—you may 'Jesus,' and perhaps he'll come just so to you."

"Stand out of the sun, Lilly," replied her father, after another long pause; and his lips trembled so that he could scarcely say it. "I believe we had bette go now," he added, litting himself; "come, Lilly, help father into the carriage," and he held out his hand. "Oh, father, just say 'Jesus!" repeated

Lilly, entreatingly.

"Well, well—wait awhile, dear, wait awhile—perhaps I will—I must see first—I must think first—ah I now we are snugly seated in the carriage. Do you believe the

little boy would like to have you bring him a pretty plaything?"

"Perhaps so," said Lilly, diverted somewhat from her previous train of thought; "but he can't play much, for he has never even walked—only sat all the day—all his lifetime."

The carriage rolled slowly into the city slowly along the streets, and stopped, at last, before a beautiful house in the centre of a squere. The mansion had marble steps in front, and glass, handsomely ornamented, composed a part of the door, while the handles and the plate were of silver and glittered in the light.

Up every step the sick man took from that luxurious carriage to the elegant chamber where his couch stood waiting for him, a voice seemed to ring in his sars, "Oh! father, just say Jesus!" Sweet music would not drown it, although his wife sang and played for him as he lay there in his gorgeous dreasing grown. The sight of the fairset pictures that ever made sunshine on the walls of any house could not shut them out. Like three little angels, fresh bathed in the light of glory, moving hand and hand through the portals of his brain, they came to and fro, continually, "Just say Jessu", Just say Jessu, J

"Olt that he could just say Jesus." The word was so strange to him; to him—the man of case, of wealth, of flashion. Almost any other name would seen less out of place on his ign. He who had thought of robining the country of the re-to-whom life before that had seemed eternal; he who had sippool of pleasure in almost very land; who had denuck there dwine in France and Italy; sung the song of the Eucleant's shuffled could at the building tables of the Parisian subcours; danced and loss of the place of the country of the country of Joses. (Oh no it was immossible to say Joses; (Oh no it was immossible to

But, oh! that haunting! that terrible haunting! Again and again, as he tossed on his couch through the night's long watches, he wished that they had not stopped before that little red cottage. He could see it so distinctly, and the pale and face always at that one window! He could see the child of his denotation lying down the graveled walk, her cheelas pinit-tinted, her golden hair tossed by the wind in clouds of cuts; he could hear—oal yes, too planiny, the childish vices, always musk to him, "Just say Jesus?"

The next day and the next, the three little, shiring, hand-lined angels, would not leave him. As the sun peeped copyly in before the down was dried, as it actsomed broadly over the rich carpet at moon; as if crept paler and paler over the painted orchards and the painted axies of his beautiful pricarce while the day waned, so did the words still visit him.

-19-01-

BATTE ABOTT WEATH

THE good mother in the little red cottage sat busily at work on some shirts she was making for a neighbour. There had been a shower, bu now the sky sparkled with sunlight, and there was no dust on the glowing flowers that lined the little path.

The good mother looked sadder than was her wont. Almost always there was a cheerful smile on her face; the cheerful smile had gone. Charley could be seen through the door, busy about some plants which needed tending. He had on a little white jacket, with the sleeves turned up, because his hands were soiled: and a coarse straw hat, with a black ribbon neatly bound about it, kept off the sun. At the window where the fair invalid used to sit, and where he had for so many years watched the sights along the road, there stood only an empty chair—his chair—the patient Daniel's, who, through all his sufferings, had so lightened and made cheerful her labours. Now the invalid lay beside her on a little low bed. He hardly moved, but his bright, unearthly bright even watched over her needle as it flew in and out of the white seam. Yes; Daniel grew weaker and sicker every day, and it made the poor widow weep to think she must lose him: he had been so dear to her.

"Mother," he said, and his voice was as full, clear, and beautiful as ever, "what makes that white light all round you? Two been looking and looking, and it grows so bright."

"Almost any thing will, dear, that you look at for a long time," replied his mother. "I remember when I was a little girl, and used to sit in my father's seat at church, I've looked at the minister till my eyes ached, seing the shining rim round him. He was dressed in black, and stood against a white wall, and I suppose the contrast had white wall, and I suppose the contrast had contrast the contrast of the contrast had been also been as the contrast had been as the

"I shall learn about it in heaven, shan't I mother?" saked Daniel, with a sweet smile.

"Yes, dear," and a sigh came with the words, "you will learn a great many things in heaven."

"But most of all, I shall want to learn, mother, what this beautiful feeling is that comes whenever I think of Jesus. And I shall learn how he can be everywhere, shan't I, mother? And I shall know why he has never let me walk like Charley out there, and I expect I shall be so glad when I do learn! Mother, do you believe we can ever

"I don't know, darling-yes-" she hesitated, adding softly, "we see them in the flash comatines."

"Because last night-I might have been just the least mite asleep, I don't know-but all at once this room was covered with shining stones, and from every stone there came a bright light. The sun that shone in from the door did not seem as it does now, but was all twisting and trembling, just as the water does when we see it away off. And then-oh! it was so beautiful!-right in the middle of the room there stood an angel, and seemed as if I could see through it. It had blue eyes, and hair that shone like the light from the stones; and it made me think of you, though it didn't look like you, mother. I thought I asked her what she wanted, and she said, 'Jesus has sent me to take you home." Then I knew it would not be many days before I should to to heaven-and slowly all the light faded out of the stones -- so she faded; and when I opened my eyes the room was still and dark,"

"It was a sweet dream, my boy," said the good mother, wiping her eyes, but so that

he could not see her. "Dream! it wasn't a bit like a dream,

mother-it did seem as if it had been happening; and once in a while as I waked up afterward. I could still see a little twinkling light run over the wall."

"Hurrah! mother, Danny, there's that carriage stopped out here again, and that little girl is coming in with a gentleman. I must get my hands washed;" and off bounded Charley to the pump. Mrs. Marks paused in her work to smooth the pillow on which Daniel's face was resting, to push back her own tresses, which had fallen a little, and by that time a slow, very slow and feeble step was heard approaching the house, together with the tap, tap of a cane, and the patter of little feet.

Presently the round, red cheeks of the pretty child appeared, the bright eager eyes searching for the sick boy. At last they spied him in his little bed, and she cried out: "Oh! father, there he is; he's lying down; come in, come in."

"Be polite, my little girl," said a voice, very gravely and gently; "you do not notice the lady, nor tell her who your father is."

"This is Mr. Irving, my father," said Lilly, smoothing her smiles in her little face; "he's come to see your sick boy; may

"To be sure, dear," replied Mary, with her pleasant look, and she dusted a chair for the gentleman. He was a very zoble, hadsome-looking man, was Lilly's father. Now that disease had tooched it with its paler and more thoughtful tinks, his face seemed very calm and even ministerial. The white forehead, his eyes, large and very bright, were somewhat sunkees, and cocasionally his clost shower for freethy.

"My dear madam," he said kindly, as he seated himself, "my little Lilly here would not let me rest till I promised to come out and see you. For days and weeks I put her off, saying I was not well enough; but she has been so persistent, that at last, thinking I might not be spared to grant her many more requests, I complied-and here I am." Meantime Miss Lilly had deliberately taken off her little bonnet, possessed herself of an unappropriated stool, and carried it to the couch of the sick child, where she now sat, her health-beaming face making a vivid contrast to the deathly countenance of the little boy.

"Has your child never been well?" asked Mr. Irving.

"Never, sir," he was sickly at his birth, and has never walked a step in his life."

"My little daughter seemed much imressed with the fact that he was very cheerful and happy."

"He is both, sir," was the reply; "and he suffers much pain, and that constantly. The only complaint I have ever heard him utter," she said, softly, "was yesterday, when his agony was very severe. His eyes were full

of tears, and he exclaimed, 'Oh, mother, I do wish the dear Jesus would take me now." The dark eyes of the stranger grew moist as he listened, then said: "He is indeed com-

forted if he has any supporting hope-dark

days and cheerless nights are mine;" his voice faltered.

"Perhaps, sir," said Mrs. Marks, in her own quiet way, "perhaps you have not learned that it is good to suffer, and that Christ sometimes leads us to himself through thorny

"But, madam, is he good in giving to that poor little creature anguish and pain all his life? That child never rebelled against him—why lead him through this fearful, thorny road?"

"I look at it in this light, at," and Mary, not noticing that this Lilly had covered the space within reach of the sick boy with besuffial type. "The lilmes of any child father, who met with an accident that crippled him. I being ignorant of many laws which I know now, and having contantly to attend to him, injured mayed, and in some measure neglected any child. Then the measure neglected my child. Then in which you see him now. I was not rish. I couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nittle Daniel hand't had the treatment of the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nittle Daniel hand't had the treatment of the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nittle Daniel hand't had the treatment of the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nittle Daniel hand't had the treatment of the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nittle Daniel hand't had the treatment of the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nittle Daniel hand't had the treatment of the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nittle Daniel hand't had the treatment of the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nitted based that the treatment of the couldn't be couldn't had the treatment of the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nitted based that the treatment of the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nitted based that the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nitted based to the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nitted based that the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nitted based that the couldn't call for great physicians, and perspany nitted based that the couldn't call for great physicians and perspany nitted based that the couldn't call for great physicians and perspany nitted based that the couldn't call for great physicians are called the couldn't call for great physicians and perspany nitted based that the couldn't call for great physicians are called the couldn't call for great physicians are called

meent he should. But though it don't seem to me that God sent this sickness direct upon him, I know that he has sent his Holy Spirit to dwell in the heart of the little child, to comfort him; so that he is much happier than many a healthy boy surrounded by lavener."

"And he seems willing to endure all this pain, does he?"

"You can talk with him yourself, sir, and judge," said Mary. He is my teacher and comforter in a great many things; and dark will be the day, sir, when this house sees him go over the threshold." Grieving, the mother turned away, and the sick man drew near to the sick child.

"Well, my little boy, how is it?" he asked kindly; "don't you get tired of lying here?"

"Sometimes, sir," replied the child with his sweet smile; "and then mother takes me upon her lap and sings to me; that rests we."

"But do you never long to use your hands and feet? Do you never want to shout and sing, when you hear other chil-

A quick, bright flash illuminated the beautiful face. "Why, don't you know it won't be long before I have a great deal better hands and feet than these? Don't you know I shall sing there a great deal better than any one can sing here?

"I don't know it, my child; how can I know it?"
"Why, Jesus says so; don't you know

Jesus ?"

The man was inexpressibly affected; for a

moment there was silence. The little Lilly had folded her hands on the bed, and now her earnest eyes travelled from one face to the other; her lips were parted eagerly. "I'm afraid I don't know Jessa, as you

"I'm afraid I don't know Jesus, as y do, my little one."

"It's easy," he said, with a bright smile:

then added, while his face grew more heavenly, "It's good!"

There was soul in the way he said it; every word penetrated to the heart of the

listener.
"Easy for you, my child; but for me, a

man grown, always careless in these things, who has sought pleasure in every thing else, it is not very easy."

it is not very easy."
"Why it's only, 'Come unto me,' you

know," said little Daniel. "Don't you see? It's only 'Come unto me.' Mother, please you say the verse for the gentleman."

"'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and heavy isden, and I will give you rest," said Mary Marks, softly. "It means weary of sin, weary of a guilty conscience, weary of spologisting for it, and weary of it, because holiness is sweeter, and infinitely more bliss-

The man hid his face in his handkerchief.
"Weary, weary," he murmured; "yes, I am
weary—heavy laden, too, with infirmities,

weary—heavy laden, too, with infirmities, both of mind and body."

There was another silence, then up spoke

little Lilly.

"Pa wants to feel happy in the long black

nights, as you do," she said.

"That's Jesus, too," answered the boy

promptly. "That's because he comes to me; and, when I ache the most, I can smile and sing to myself softly my little hymn: 34

"Josus, can make a dying bod Feel soft as downy pillows are; While on his breast I ky my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there,"

"My dear little boy," said the man, as he lifted his head, "you have done me good, I see that those who have lost all hope in the world can be happy, and even triumphant. Oh! for his faith!" he added, turning to Mary; "I would give half my fortuneves, all, to be able to lie serene and cheerful as he lies there to-day."

"My dear sir, it need cost you nothing," said the good mother, in her straightforward way. "Come, buy salvation and peace, without money and without price,' are the words of the prophet."

"Yes, yes; I remember," murmured Mr. Irving. "I have heard them, but never did they have a meaning before,"

" Nose, father, can't you say Jesus ?" asked. Lilly, springing to her feet, thinking all his sorrows past. The question came so suddenly, came with a flood of sweet and bitter recollections, that the man burst into tears, and sobbed, for a moment, like a child. Then, finding himself unable to regain his selfcontrol, he beckoned to Lilly to accompany him, and together they left the cottage.

O to say "Jesus"! That is wealth Greater than India and Paru! Jesses is mino! Such wealth abides When earthly grandeur's leet to view! Then seek the Saviour—he will be More than this world can be to thee!

-1-00----

DEATH AND LIFE.

"

H dear!" said Ellen Irving, sighing,
as she threw down her book; "how
dreary and lonesome it makes the house
seem! I do wish brother could get well."
"I'm afraid hell never get well," said the

wife of the invalid, a tear stealing down her cheek. "To think, one year ago, he was all life, all animation. Let me see; we were in Naples, wern't we?"

"Yes; and what glorious times we used to have! Oh dear! and it's so gloomy now. I cent't shink of one sheerfal thing. It's shall in the morning and shall at night, and the sweet of the morning and shall at night, and the sweet can't forcet. Lilly, olding have been street I can't forcet. Lilly, olding have a you doing?" she cried, as the little girl, here of shaked, here hair flung in disorder, appeared at the door, dragging a mammoth book, beautifully gilded and shining in the light.
"It was so heavy," said Lilly, still theories."

at her task. "I tried to lift it, and then I called Sarah, but she wouldn't come. You take it up, wont you; no, not on the table, on your lap," she added, as the young girl was about to transfer the massive volume to the table.

"For pity's sake, child," said her mother pausing, before she left the room, "what are you going to do with that great Bible?"

"Why, I want aunty to find something for me," said the child, who, after seeing the volume deposited where she wished, had seated herself at Ellen Irving's feet, and, with folded hands, waited.

"And what shall I find?" asked her

youthful aunt, looking smilingly into the anxious face of the child.

"Where it says, 'Come unto me.' The little sick boy told father, and I want to find it, so that father can read it."

"You strange child," said the aunt blush-

ing, "how can I tell where it is?" "Why, don't you know? Havn't you

read the Bible? I thought everybody that growed up knew all about it. I mean to, just as soon as I can read. I mean to know ALL ABOUT it, so as to be happy like little Danny. Oh, I wish you could find it!"

Ellen turned the leaves abstractedly: "Isn't it somewhere in the new Testament?"

she queried of her sister-in-law. "I suppose so, though I'm sure I don't

know. I read every thing else," replied the fashionable mother. "I don't want Henry to get moping and gloomy, as I'm sure he will be if he keeps on talking about that child he saw." "Why, how strange!" exclaimed Ellen;

"I have opened the book right there. It is in the eleventh chapter of Matthew, Well, Lilly, I've found it-what now?"

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"Oh!" and Lilly darted from her seat, but soon returned, bringing a hymn-book, very large, and quite as beautiful as the Bible, "Now please to find the hymn where it says,

'Jesus can make a dving bod." "Bless me! child, you make me nervous," said the young girl, shuddering. "What do

we want to hear about dying beds?" "But poor little sick Danny sings it when

Jesus comes to him in the night," persisted the child; "and if father learns it, perhaps he will sing it, for I guess, by-and-by, Jesus will also come to him, and make him very happy."

"Lilly Irving! what are you talking about?" asked the young lady, a strange feeling creeping through her nerves and

mund her heart. "About Jesus!" was the prompt reply.

"Well-I'm sure-it's very well on Sundays; but what can put into your head to talk of such things now, I don't see, Hadn't

you better go and play ?" "No," said Lilly, just as promptly. "I told father I'd find him the place of 'Come wafe one,' and ' Jesus can make: ' and now you just look for the hymn, please, while I go after Sarah to carry up the book." "Away she went, and that blessed name

rang through Ellen's brain.

Why had it now a new significance? Often at church she had heard it from the lips of the pastor, sung it in sacred songs; but all at once it had sprung before her vision, endowed with a new and a different meaning. Jesus! who was he? Where was he? What had he to do with her? Why should it be a solace to read of him in sickness? How did he come to earth? when ?-to whom? It seemed as if for one little moment a light had flashed upon her, more beautiful, more glorious than all the pleasure she had ever experienced, and been

as sudd-only scaled up again. "It is strange," she murmured to herself, "that I have never thought of it in this connection before: and yet I suppose at some time or another we all wish we had."

"Here is Sarah-she will take the book to father," cried Lilly, entering the room with one of the domestics; and soon the 40

wasted invalid was earnestly reeding the holy Word, while his little daughter, prothed at the foot of his lounge, fixed her bright eyes upon him as if she would read his heart—as if the happy moment would come while he read, that he might murrour, smiling as little Danny did, "I can say Jeana."

VISIT TO THE BEACH.

WE day, not long after Mr. Eving had called upon the invalid-boy, the bounding Charley came into the cottage, saying that GM: If was no nice on the boach, he wished his brother could see. There were too of great red clouds in the sky, and goldsparkles on the water. Mary had just made to title broth for he side boy, and it griswed her, as she turned, to see a yearning look on his face.

"Daniel," she said, "I den't believe but you might go, dear; I can wrap you up well, and lay a little bed in the cart: shall mother drag you to the beach?"

"Yes, if I can go-oh, I should like it so much!" was the patient reply.

"Then you shall, my boy; I'll put my work right away, and get ready."

Charley danced about the room, tied his

own best cap on Daniel's head, and was all eagerness to bring his rade cut, helping so violently that he was rather in the way. Putting on her faded bonnet and decent shawl, Mary was soon ready to take the hight little figure in her arms, and transfer it to the little rehicle waiting before the door.

It was in the heat of summer, and the very flowers escent to throb with joy and glow with boutly. Daniel said he felt said-endly strong, and drawing in fall breaths of the sweet sir, he looked especify on every thing, crying out constantly, "0.01 how bloe the sky is, mother! Oh! ase those beautiful rosal! What green bunber! How good every thing looks again!" Yet ending, as be usually did, by saying, "But they'll all look

more beautiful in heaven, wun't they, mo-

Slowly they moved along, Mary on one side of the waggon-handle, Charley on the other. Charley was always seeing equirels, or stopping to pick up a shining green beetle, or singing gleefally, looking back now and then to satisfy himself that Daniel was enjoying it.

Yes; Daniel was enjoying it. Many a carriage-load passed by, but among the beautifully dressed people on every side was not one happier than the failing boy in his rough, unpainted waggon.

And presently, after slowly guining the top of a hilly road, the broad, glowing sea burst upon their view—the scal with a thousand paths of light, and its fasthery, folding waven kissing the white beach folding waven kissing the white beach slaught that was coming and guing; of he shalps that was coming and guing; of he other; how glowines it looked under the shiring summer-warmto of that aftermond. Down the hilly good, and now the sled buy smiles with delight, and eagerly he questions and comments.

"Mother, mother, do you suppose it looked so after Jesus made the water still? You

know it was a storm before."

"Yes, dear," said Mary, thinking how often, when a light-hearted girl, she had played upon the shining sand, and eathered

its shells and pebbles.

"See, mother!" cried Charley, "there is the school-mistress, and there's Nelly Davis, and George Sexton. Oh! they've got a boat and are going to launch her; may I run

down there?"

The mother nodded her head, and away ran the healthy, handsome boy, to join his

ran the healthy, handsome boy, to join his playmates.
"You are tired, mother; sit down on the

or to the reven, one of the country at conven of the rock there, and we'll just look." Mary, after protecting the invalid from the fresh breeze, found a seat of dried ex-mosses, and dragging the waggon close beside it, she rested confortably. It was a gay occue; for there appeared to be more visitors there on this particular time than were often met. The bright dresses of the children, in contrast 44

with the draggling white of the beach, made bits of pretty pictures, and the numerous carriages, driving slowly back and forth, enlivened the monotony of the shore.

They had sat thus for some time, the sick boy's large eyes dilating and kindling, when, as a carriage came by, a familiar voice cried out, "Oh! there's my boy! let me get down!"

In vain they tried to dissuade her. Little Lilly sprang from the barouche, and came tripping lightly, gayly, up to the mother and non.

"I'm real glad to see you," she cried, artleasly; "and don't you think I found the place in the Bible, 'Come unto me,' and the words of the hymn-book, 'Jesus can make,' and papa's been reading them all the morning. Don't you believe Jesus will come to him,

"I guess so," said little Daniel. "He will if he wants him to do so "

"Oh, I know he does! for he's so wide awake during nights! and he don't have any body but the nurse, you know; and they won't let him talk to her. Now you know he could talk inside-talk to Jesus."

"Yes, that's it!" cried little Daniel; "inside talk! that's the way I do; I don't speak a loud word sometimes. But you see Jesus can heav our hearts"

"How is your father, dear?" saked Mary.
"I don't know; I guess he's pratty sick.
He hasn't been down to the beach for—oh!
ever so long! if he had, he'd come to see you,
you know, and your little boy. My mother
is in the carriage there, and my aunt—oh!
my Aunt Nell is coming here!"

A beautiful figure in a dress of white now

moved towards them.
"Here, Aunt Nell, here he is!" cried the

eager child, as the beautiful, fashionablyattired girl came up by the side of the little cart.

"Oh! how very ill and wasted!" she exclaimed, gazing with compassion in her eyes upon the fading figure. "Poor child!"

"He isn't poor, he's happy," said Lilly; "you just ask him," she added.

"you just ask him," she added.

"You're very sick, ain't you, dear!"
queried her aunt, going close by his side.

His smile, his glance were peculiar a answered her: "I'm most well."

"Most well! why, that can't be;" and her

"I shall be well, when I go up there," he said, his eyes uplifted, and taking on a wondrons light.

She appeared instantly to understand his meaning; and on her Isshes glittered tears. Again those thoughful eyes were lifted to her face, and he asked quietly, "Do yow love Jesus?"

That mess again 1—again that thas he almost superstantul light that for a moment entered here darkened sood. Del also fore Jessel What a question! She, the care-less trifler who had seldens a thought to be ment, and compare—the, who never said a serious thing, but had always felt impressed that the world was made for her to laugh and dance in, let others suffer as they might: Dat these was no smalling the question with the world was considered to the sum of the second that the world was reading the question and as add whether the sould be shock the lead, implying that the did not. Then there cause so said, so nonum-

ful, so grieved an expression over the thin features, that she felt sahamed of herself in his presence—felt abashed before the child who expected so soon to stand by the very

"Come, Lilly," said her aunt, "your mother is beckening to us, and it is getting late; we must go."

Lilly still linguard, however; the always seemed anxious to alsy by this side child, and she remained till Mary had gathered her shavel about hee, and wrapped her son up more securely, and made signals to Charley. Lilly's amit then saked if she would like some jellies for little Danial, and on the mnome pellies for little Danial, and on the mnlement and heiring them, for she folt a new and upwented interest for this folian flower.

The boy seemed not so well when he reached his home; the exertion and excitement had been too much for him, and Mary was alarmed at his want of the little strength that had nerved him to the effort. Frightened and nearly fainting herself at the look of his white face, she laid him on his little

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bed, and began to use the means for restoring her darling child. Little Charley, crying out that his dear "brother Danny" was going to die, ran sobbing from the house.

But God spared him a little longer. It was not many moments before the colour came into his face again, and he smiled as he said faintly. "I have seen Him."

"Whom, my child; whom have you seen?" saked his mother.

"Oh, I saw Jesus. I think it was he," he added earnestly; "he held his arms out over me, and told me not to be afraid—dear Jasus!"

By-and-by he whispered,

"Mother, won't you read me that 'Jerusalem' piece?"

Mary hushed her sorrow, for she thought indeed the time had come for her to imprint the last kiss on that fair forehead—on those pale lips; and taking from her drawer a little book, she read thus to him:—

"MOTHER, SING JERUSALEM."

A child lay in a twilight room.

With pallid, waxen face-

A little child, whose tide of life Had nearly run its race.

Most boly roles the angels brought By holy spirits given,

Ready to wrap the child in them, And carry him to beaven.

And shining wings with clasps of light-Two shining wings they bore, To fasten on the scraph child Soon as the strife was o'er.

Perchance their beauty made him think Of some harmonious word, That often from his mother's line The dwine one had heard.

It might be, for he whispered low, "Sing, mother, sing," and smiled; The pale one knelt beside the couch-

"What shall I sing, my child?"

"Jerusalem, my happy home," The gasping boy replied; And sadly sweet the clear notes rang Upon the even-tide.

"Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me, When shall my labours have on end In joy, and peace, and thee P"

And on she song, while breaking hearts Best slow, unequal time—
They felt the passing of the soul
With that triumphal chims.

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"Oh when, then city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend i They saw the shadows of the grave, With his sweet beauty blend.

"Why should I shrink at pain or woe.

Or feel at death dismay !" She ceased-the annels hore the child To realms of endless day

The widow's voice ceased also. Little Charley had entered, and by degrees crept close to his mother, till at last he knelt at her side, his hands folded on her lan,

"Do you think"-the voice was fainter than it had ever sounded before-"do you think the angels will come after sue?

"Yes, darling, I have no doubt they will," replied Mary.

"Well, mother, before they come I want to do all that Jesus has told me to do. Jesus was baptized."*

^{*} Do not start, render, at the word "bantized." Do not be like a Methodist friend of mine to whom

"Yes, my child, you shall be baptized— I have spoken to our minister—you shall be

The beautiful eye lighted up.

"Oh! may I be haptized just as Jesus was?"

I lent this history, (previous to my publishing if) who sain, "This word—that coremony spills all. Could you not here it out?" I answered, "No! I must faithfully publish the whole; fee I am sourced the transaction, and the bohole history, not true; and though the Christian resider may have different views of bagtime, yet no Christian reader would wish me to be partial and unfutth ful."

Berdies, most Christians believe in leagtine on way or another. They regard it as obligatory, (see array) or they would not practical in. I refree chally to avois assession of the Wesler Teric chally to avois assession of the Wesley or the seed of the seed of the seed of the Westin to avoing effluory. They are right. Such a tense holly belongs to the High Charel-bary and the Fupits. The parties connected with this extracollarary chill particulate the immersion of believers, which, no death, they connectioningly bereduced to be right, and Christian low-such candidary for the parties of the connection of the contract to be right, and Christian low-such candidary for the parties of the connection of the contract to the right, and Christian low-such can be seen to the present seen of the present support to has been tested with the present regard to prosent for greatest men. Instances Dr. West, "How, my child?"

"You know he went down into the water.

"You know he went down into the water."

and I want to go down into the water."

"You—my poor, helpless little boy? How

can you?"
"Oh, they will carry me, mother—I know

they will carry me, and it will seem so good.

I shall feel just as if Jesus went down with

There was a moment of quiet thought—a quiet resolve.

quick resolve.
"Yes, my little child, they shall carry

you into the water."
"Will you see all about it to-night,

mother?"

With the promise that she would, the boy

seemed delighted.
"I am going to be baptized like Jesus-

Dr. Doddridge, Whitfield, Weeley, and humbreds more. That great man, that Christian here, John Weeley, awys, in his Notes on the New Testancest, that the plarase, "Buried with him in hopting," refers "to the endernt mode of baytime, which was by immersion." Let the reader imbibe the sense candid and loving spirit of that holy mus, and this extraordinary Memoir will be accerciated.

The next day was the holy Sabbath. The widow looked wearied and pale, for she had been up with little Daniel very often through the night; but there was a peace and quiet

on her face that told with whom she had been communing.

In the plain little chapel that morning was read a simple note : "There will be a baptism on the beach

this ofternoon"

The preacher paused-then his eye kin-

dled as he added: "The disciple who takes up this pleasant duty to-day, is the sick son of the widow Marks-a little boy to whom might be said, 'Oh child, great is thy faith!' for he lies very near the gate of heaven, having, at the longest, but a few days more of soigum on this mortal shore."

Every heart in that congregation thrilled to his solemn tones, and words of admiration and wonder succeeded, as the people left the chapel.

It was a beautiful, cloudless day, for which the widow was very thankful, as she robed 54

har helpless son an his huptimal gown, and hald him in he arms. There were several neighbours in the cottage, and octaids stool as becared and raddy old framer, one of the deacons of the church, who had volunteered to bear the boy in his strong arms down to the water's side and bank again. A throng of boys and even men had gothered about the cottage-gate, waiting to see the advent of the side child.

At last he was brought out, and a hush fell upon all gathered there; for the white cheek, the helpless hands, the look of patient suffering touched every heart.

"He is not heavy?" quoth the widow with a quivering lip.

"No indeed—like a feather," murmured the farmer, holding him guthered upon his breast as a shepherd would carry a lamb.

Silently they passed along the road, the boy saying feebly, from time to time, how happy he felt that God had squard him for this, and the good deanon speaking comforting words to the little, weazy pligrim. Silently the crowd followed, till the glittering water came in view; and the boy's bright eves grew brighter at the sight. A great multitude of people lined the shore. The other ministers and congregations of the village, as well as the Baptist, were all

As the farmer came among them with his helpless burden on his breast, a sob seemed to run from man to man, and many wept unrestrainedly-it was so touching a scene. A smile of unearthly heapty lighted the face of the young disciple, and with an effort he brought his little feeble hands together, and praised God fervently.

"Sing," said his pastor, commanding his emotion, "sing

"O Lamb of God. I come?"

Feebly, tremulously the music sounded forth: and the very waters seemed to hush, as the sweet strains swelled out and died away.

"Lamb of God," said the minister, tenderly taking from the descon the gentle boy, all incapable of aught save faith and praise, "we bring this lamb to thee. Loving thee supremely, he must needs obey thee imCHILD OF JESUS.

plicitly. Come, my child, this act is like a precious sacrifice in the sight of thy Re-

"Thou'rt not afraid?" he asked, as he went deeper and deeper into the water, and

the yielding waves came coldly up. "No. no-Christ is here," said the child,

feebly but sweetly.

"Yes, Christ is here," repeated the pastor; "lie in my arms-commit thyself to the Re-

The wave opened-the thin figure, with

its meek white face, sank under the crystal flood, while the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," were all that broke the solemn silence. There was no struggle-the smile that went down came up unbroken.

Holding him against his heart, pale, as pale as the child, but smiling and peaceful, the pastor came forth, lifted the little form for one instant toward heaven, and laid it again on the deacon's breast, saving "Bap-

There was loud weeping-there was sobbing-there was deep conviction-there was genuine repentance among those who lined the shore. Men who seldom shed tears, were overpowered and conquered-forced to confess that the sweet peace, the triumph of this feeble babe were God-sent. "My dear little child," murm

the tears streaming down her cheeks as she spoke.

"Yes, mother," answered Daniel.

"You are glad you came, dear-you are no worse for it?'

"Oh, mother, Jesus is with me?" She kissed the damp forehead, and dried the thin hands between her own palms.

Very quietly as they had come, the people moved from the shore. Again Daniel was placed in his little bed exhausted, apparently failing very fast, but oh, serenely

now not why," murmured Mary, "but I feel as if this would be his last night on earth. His work is finished, and he is all

"God's will be done!" replied the good

[&]quot;Amen!" whispered the child.

The boy had heard. He called her to his

side.

"Mother, it will be better for me to go to my heavenly home, than to live here a great many years and suffer, won't it?"

"Yes, dear, if it's God's will," replied Mary.

Mary.

"And does it make you feel very bad to

give me up?"

"No, up child"—the mother's volos was four and quist—"for I give you into better hands than mins. Your little limbs are not provided to the property of the control of the notation of the control of the control of the troubled for four I shall grieve too much for any four; but in that gleinou holistical any four; but in that gleinou holistical one—three you will serve know my glei, any four; but in the provided has been be lost and heapy, 05, no; I shall be very lossesses, darling, without my little side by leta archingly will always console he is in a home whom he shall never know "Oh, how beautiful?" The thin palms "Oh, how beautiful?" The thin palms

"Oh, how beautiful?" The thin palms came together. "Mother, you do make me happy. You make me want to go."

"You seay want to go, darling, but be willing to wait till He calls you."

Little Charley was put in his trundle-bed, and the widow prepared to sit all night by the side of the lovely sufferer. It seemed as if death could not be near; or, if he was, that as a bright, gentle messenger, he came. How many times did Mary think of the glowing dream her little Daniel had described. where the walls were covered with precious stones, from each of which shone a light brighter than that of the sun, while the messenger of death-say of life, rather-waited for him! It was a beautiful moonlight night -vivid as the dawning day-and the soft beams lay on the white counterpane that covered the child. Mary might have called in some neighbour, and there were many who would gladly have watched with her, but the widow could not bear that his parting hours should be shadowed by the presence of a stranger. They had sweet measages to give between them, and the moments were hallowed. Most beautiful grew the child as the strange presence drew nearer. He talked, as he came out of the short snatches of sleen that were very frequent, of seeing gardens full of bowers; rivers bluer than the sky; angels shining and singing; and hearing sweet music, as if bands of little children were harning the hymns of Paradise. And he talked of heaven as though he had seen it. It was as if he had been from home for a long, dreary time, and was now returning to its dear, familiar haunts, to hear the voices and take the hands that he loved : to sit with security in his own seat; to wander at will in the pleasant paths from which no one could turn him away; to feel that there was his father's house, and that he was safe there

Many times he murmured "Good night, dear mother, till to-morrow;" and often did she think she saw the shadow that comes but once. At last he snoke no more but smiling peaceful, dreading the change as little as his sleep, he fixed his full blue eves upon her, and gradually the light faded out of them-into heaven.

It was a beautiful death-bed-a translation, rather-and for many moments the widowed mother sat looking upon that peaceful clay.

for ever!

"To suffer no more," she murmured, as she wept, and kissed the eyes she had closed. "Oh! my dear one! I would not call thes back. No; I could not call thes back."

When little Charley sprang from his bed in the morning, and wondered at the stillness of the room, his mother took him gently to where the sleeper lay, and when he gazed up, grieved, heart-stricken, in her face, she kissed his rooy lips, and said, softly, "Try to bear it, Charley; remember you are all mother has left."

"But my dear brother! I want him!" cried the child.

"Ah!" said the mother, with a sigh, "heaven wanted him too."

There was sorrow in the stately mannion as well as in the home of the cottager. The stope of the servants had grown more noiseless day by day, and before the door was spread the thick, soft tan, that no sound of hurrying wheels might disturb the sick man so near his end. At last there was no hope; the doctor had said that recovery was imposite the doctor had said that recovery was imposite.

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sible. Mrs. Irving was in despair. Never before had she waited upon the bed of disease; it was a new experience to her-a trial fraught with horrors. She had loved to shine in the gay ball-room, in the splendid theatre, but she had never been prepared to meet trouble in any form. Now she must stand and see the end of earth; she must realize that she was born for something besides living. She must think whether, had that time come to Acr, she had been prepared to give up the company she so loved, the pomps, and vanities, and shows she so delighted in; whether here the gay laugh would be fitting-the dazzling jewel-the costly robes-the sneer at things sacred. Oh, how great the contrast between that watcher, surrounded by obsequious nurses and servants, and the lowly woman, who was the child of Jesus Christ! One in the midst of wealth and friends, the other alone and poor. One who, if her husband died,

would still find many strong arms upon which to rely; the other left, still desolate, with only her little child, to battle through life with want and with sorrow, yet quiet, calm-unholding the sufferer, while the rich wife disturbed the dying moments of her charge with wild cries and lamentations.

Nell, too, little Lilly's aunt Nell, was strangely disquieted. There had come to her some dim longings for a better life, since she had seen the sweet invalid on the beach. the day before. The question recurred to her mind again and again, "Do you love Jesus P" And since, on the morning following, she had heard that there was no hope for her brother, she thought of nothing else. Was he prepared to exchange worlds? Oh, she wished then she had been a Christianshe might have been of so much comfort to him! But now, regrets were vain.

Lilly, the little child, seemed the only person who retained composure at that eventful time. The little creature had grown so sweetly thoughtful, that it had been a pleasure to have her in the room. On the day when the pale sun looked in upon the sick man, and shone so faintly across his pallid brow, he called for Lilly, and as she came in, he whispered for the first time, a heavenly smile making his face brilliant: "Daughter, I can say 'Jesus,' now."

"Oh, father, I'm so glad!" eried the child, leaning over to kiss him. "I'll go and tell my little lame boy. And does He come and talk with you?"

"Yes, darling, he talked with me all last

"Didn't I tell you so!" cried the child, in triumph-tones. "And how does he look,

"Too plorious for mortal line to describe. little daughter. Thank God, I shall soon see

the brightness of his glory !" The child bent over more closely, as she whispered:

"And don't you suppose mother will seek 4 Torres 1 ton Ph

"Ask her, my lamb," replied her father; "tell her he smooths the pillow of death."

Mrs. Irving heard it, and wept unrestrainedly. This child, whom they had devoted to the world, would she lead them all to Christ F

"Can you say 'Jesus can make?" still queried the child

"Yes, darling;" and he repeated it slowly, clasping his hands, his voice low and fervent.

"Oh, that is so good !-- and now you will get well, won't you, papa?"

"No, darling, father is going to heaven,"

he replied.

"What! going to leave me—to leave your little Lilly all alone?" she asked, a shade coming over brow and eve.

"Not all alone, Lilly, for I leave Jesus with you and your mother, and your aunt,

and some time you shall come to me."

"When, father?" The child was very

parnest.

"When Jesus calls you. Can't you give me up to him?"

"Must I come through the ground, name?" still questioned the child.

papa r still questioned the child.
"Yes, darling, you will die first."

young as you are now."

"And will Jesus go with me there?"

"Yes, my child, every step of the way, as he is going with me. Oh! my Lilly, I wish I had learned to say 'Jesus' when I was as

"And you will be sure to wait for me,

papa?" added the little one, a strange thoughtfulness gathering on brow and lip.

"Sure, my little one-for you, for dear mamma, for dear Aunt Nell, if they will

only come." A smile broke slowly over the little face whose eves were lifted, and in a rapt way she turned their dark orbs on her father.

saving, with a childish earnestness, "Won't it be sice ?" Tears of joy, of faith, of blessedness, bedewed the sick man's cheek. "Surely," he whispered in his own heart, "this child is an

heir of heaven-one of those whom He called; she will lead the rest to Christ. I die happy. "My child! where are you going?" asked

her aunt, in surprise, as Lilly came bringing in her little shawl and bonnet.

"Going to tell my lame boy that pana can say 'Jesus,'" replied the child, tieine strings and placing folds with quiet, sad

gravity. "But, my dear, it is no time to go to-day," said her aunt, shading her dim eyes-dim

with weeping.

"Oh! yes, it is; pape told me I might. I asked him, and he said, 'Go, Lilly, it will comfort the dear boy.' So they are coming with the carriage; and you know you promised to carry some jellies; and then papa and I must go out, that I was rule."

"But, Lilly, don't you know that your father is very, very ill? Suppose he should die while you are gone," said her aunt, mourafuly.

"Oh! but you don't know; he's got Jesus
—he told me no; he don't need me any
more—he don't need anybody; he isn't a bit
afraid, and he smiles all the time," said the
child, every word springing from the depths
of her faith-filled heart, while Nell, quite
overcome, hid hee face and west.

After a little silent crying, her aunt arose, attired herself plainly, and, procuring some jellies and other delicacies, she entered the carrisge, and the two were driven out to the cottage of the widow.

The day was a warm one, and as they drew near they were not much surprised to see the blinds drawn closs, while little Charley sat on the door-stone, his head bent

upon his hand. As they alighted from the carriage, however, the extreme quiet, and a something unwontedly and in the expression of Charley's usually merry face, struck Lilly's aunt with the fear that she had only left the dying to see the dead. As they stepped over the threshold, the evidence was before them. for, lying on the humble bed, strewn all over with roses, the gifts of little children who had loved him, lay the white clay of little Daniel. The soul had gone to Jesus, where it had so longed to go; but the face was hallowed by an unearthly beauty. "Is it possible," asked Nelly Irving,

"and only Saturday he was down there on the beech P! "I am so glad he went," said the mother,

softly; "it has seemed to me since, as if he was taking then his last farewell. He spoke of every thing-the birds, the trees, the sky, the flowers, the water, but constantly added, 'How beautiful it must be in heaven! Oh! he was something more to me than a child !" she continued, two or three tear-drops falling unwiped down her pale cheek, "something more to me. When I have been all tired out

with work, that smile of his would brighten me up, and make me glad that I could work for him; and he would say such sweet things, that my darkness and my discouragements seemed to fly as he spoke. This dear little hand"-she bent over and kissed it-" has led me over a great many toiling roads in my life: dear little white hand! Jesus holds it now. Oh! sometimes I have overheard people saying, 'What a dreadful burden that sick child must be to her!' They little knew how I longed for him when I have been away. It semeed to me as if I was covered with the dust of care and sorrow, and he was the soft, sweet rain that would wash it all away. But there! I won't mourn. I promised him I wouldn't mourn, but it's hard parting! hard parting!" This she said, swaying to and fro, lifting her apron, wiping away a tear now and then.

Lilly had stood near, her hands clasped, her expressive countenance reflecting every shade on that of the mourning mother's. Her aunt looked in silence and in awe on the heavenly features of the dead, wishing—yes, wishing most fervently that she could say 70 CHILD OF JESUS.

that she loved and was striving to follow the Saviour he had served.

"Will he know, do you think, that my father can say Jesus?" at last asked Lilly, solemnly.

"Perhaps so, dear," said the widow, smiling through her tears. "He spoke of you, of your father, too, last night before he

"Did he? Oh! what did he say?" asked

Lille "'Tell her to love Christ, and to do good," he said; "'if I could live and

be well. I would be a minister of the gospel."1" "Must I be a minister of the gospel?" esked Lilly.

Mary thought a moment, and then, in her

own quiet, grave way, she answered, "Yes; you must and you stay be a minister of the gospel in many ways. When you minister to the poor for Christ's sake, when you minister to the suffering or the sinning, you will certainly be following that great calling. Every body may do in some way the work of a minister. Christ tells us if we only give a cup of cold water in his name we have our reward. You have been a minister, my little child, if what they tell is true, for, through your ministrations, your father has been better fitted to die."

These words sank deep into the heart of Lilly's young aunt, coming as they did from the lips of experience, and by the bedside of the saintly child whose life had bloomed and been filled with fracrance amidst so many discouraging circumstances. She had been a minister also, but not of righteousness. She had ministered to folly, to vanity, exclusively. The light she followed she now saw was false; the ambition that prompted her, vain; she had not lived an upright Christian life; she had been a minister to and worshipper of self. Poor, blinded soul! she was now groping her way to the light. For the first time she thought -for the first time fallen reason asserted itself, and she said, through tears, as the little girl was seated in the carriage beside her.

[&]quot;Lilly, you and I will seek Jesus."

79

It was bountful day, that on which two means can be made and that way to the perity enumetry of 1.—... One was composed of following the look of the date little Dasiel, following the look of the date little Dasiel, the while's now. The other plittered in all regardence which stately pure behind the surface of an expressed with of Mr. Irring, the little lay who had been intermental in his content, the surface of the surface

And there the mourages were gathered, studing silent, respectful, while the man of God spoke to them in eloquent words of time and of eternity. Afar off, the blue see could be discerzed, and ameline streamed and birds sang amid the bending trees.

"The have some to God," said the party, pointing to the cast, pointing to the cast, the little child and the seem of the cast, the little child and the seem of the cast, has a word spoken by this now successions also per, was the means of streeting the dying pillow of our brother with flowers.

There was no onless round that led-shows a consideration of the consider the awestest sentences I ever heard

the sweetest sentences I ever beard.

"I have only to any Jesus in my heart," and the child who is singing in triumph in harvan, "I have only to any Jesus may any the save is come and make me forget my pain."

See it is come and make me forget my pain."

The checks as he added, "Was three ever a brighter, a nobler illustration of Christian faith? The little child said "Jesus," and Jesus, wrapped in the garmouts of his gleav, came to the lowly bod, and in his bely ear-

braces pain is fulled to sleep. 'I have seen the beauty of all countries,' says the man, as he sinks into the arms of death; 'I have tasted of all pleasures—I have been surroundbeen beloved-but never have I known, in all the hours of my transport, any thing so blissful as the love that fills my soul in these dying moments! There, too, was a record that shall never die. Oh, well might he have said, 'Come, world, and see how Christ re-wards those who follow him.' Much more was said, while the great crowd listened, and side the hallowed dead. How empty were their lives! how like shadows the pleasures they pursued!

LILLY'S DEPUTNESS.

" Avn did Little die ?"

Oh no, my little one: you must not think that good children all die. It is not sothough some seem sent on missions of love pel, and then God, who knows the future. and has good reasons for all he does, calls them to a beautiful home. When you come to look upon death, not as a strangely terrible thing, but as a gentle messenger who carries dear children up to the paradise of God, you will not tremble and fear to die

my more than you now tremble and fear when you are going to the distant home of oome dear friend. How you long to go, es-scially when you hear that they have fruits and flowers there, and little children, and ch gardens, and many toys; but you would mg more to go to heaven did you know ow fair it is, how much lovelier than earth, and that you would see that sweet little brother over whose white face you wept, or the dear mother who said "good-by," and

seed you so many years ago. Lilly had doubtless a work before her, and so she lived to grow strong and noble in her strength. She talked often of her father and of his happiness where he had gone. Once every week, while the summer lasted, she arried wreaths of flowers to the tomb-one for Daniel, one for her father, and left them there. Her mother was quite overwhel with sorrow; for some time it seemed as her reason tottered, and then Lilly won mplore her to "say Jesus," as her fathe and done. Her pleadings were not withou heir effect, and little by little the child le ier mother to the footstool of niever, a And as her mother became more devot she looked about her to see how she could b use the gold that had been left to her. Many a sufferer had cause to rejoice that ever ahe

became a Christian. Her charity was great.
One day, late in the fall, ber must Nell
told Lilly to get ready to go with her to the
little red cottage in L.— Jovfally the
child made her preparations, and soon the
handsone carriage stopped before the door.
The widow received them pleasantly, but
Nelly could see that the poor ewman was in
tromble, for her work was folded up beside
her, and her even looked red.

At last she told them that she had an attack of rheumatism, that disabled her so that she could not work, and she expected she should be obliged to loss the little cottage her husband land built, because there was a heavy mortgage upon it; and as for Charley her dear little boy.

At that moment, Charley himself entered, saying, only, "Mr. James says he'll take me, mother, but I wish I could stay," and he cried as if his little heart would hevek.

"You see, mise," said the widow, placing ber arm shout the weeping boy, "instead of letting Charley get his learning as I intended, and perhaps make a good and Christian man of hims, I must bind him out to a trade, young as he is. I shouldn't feel it so much, only with the offer we have, he'll have to go forty miles away, and I'll only see him every three months. You may think it strange, my dear young lady," she added, "when I tell you that I didn't feel so bad putting little Daniel away in the tomb, as I

putting little Daniel away in the tomo, as i-do patting Charley under the care of a stranger. My poor, fatherless boy!"

"I think you will not have to put Charley away," she said, while Lily's eyes sparkled, for she knew what was coming. "I think I mow a way by which Charley can and you need not sell the little cottsg

and you need not sell the fittle counses.

"Oh! my dear young lady; it is implie!" said the mother, her face brighter notwithstanding.

"I have put off the tagain and again, but I can't do so any lor I wish I could," she added mosmfully.

"But I have something to tell you,"

"But I have something to tell you," sat Lilly's annt, smiling a little. "The da before my brother died, he called me to him and asked about your circumstances. I tol him what I thought was true, that long-cor tinned sickness must have made a constan demand upon your store, and I thoughtyou will excuse me - that you could no year well off. Then he made reply to me his wife sat near, 'I want you to see that she has five hundred dollars after the settlement of my affairs is made. They have given me the bread of life, and I can make them but a poor return.' So you see I have come to bring you the money, which I hope will pay off the mortgage, and enable you to keep Charley at home with you." This joyful news made the widow almost incredulous. For a few moments, the surprise deprived her of speech, and she could only look mutely to heaven, and then at the glowing face beside her. But at last she and words, and it was affecting to see her ratitude—to hear her bless both the giver nd He who prompted the beautiful deed.

"Oh, yes! it will pay off all the will leave me enough to keep my child. iarley, dear one, do you hear? Mother will not have to part with her boy; will not have to give him into the care of strang who do not know nor love him as she do

Oh! bless the Lord, my soul

So the widow did not ween any more, but listened to a plan which "Aunt Nell" had been thinking of, and now, for the first t isclosed. It was that Charley's hould commence a little school as nledged herself to procu pupils to make a beginning, bes her with a few desks, and ben This she said would obviate the n

for harder labour, and make her life pass more pleasantly, while the excitement of seeing young faces, and being surrounded with childish associations, would cause her more happiness than her now too quiet life. "And sometimes," said Lilly, "we are

coming out here to see you.—mamma and I —and to take tea with you. Mamma wants to talk about your dear little boy, and how he loved Jesus. And mamma has taken a class in the Sabbath-school, so has Aunt Nelly, and I am mamma's scholar in the morning, and Aunt Nelly is the afternoon."

Glaricy was happy enough, now that be was not to be spraided from his mother. Soon the pertyl little cottage room was filled with children, to bottom the wildow sught the radiaments of education, and a cheerful light from the contraction of the contraction of the armonic of the contraction of the contraction of the promise, for on one pleasant affarmon, the carriage stood at the wildow's house, and a servant brought a bakket containing many incites for the orbattle, while Lilly's annot incites for the orbattle, while Lilly's annot motion for the orbattle, while Lilly's annot incite for the orbattle, while Lilly's annot motion for the orbattle, while Lilly's annotication with the receivables and beauty.

The school was not yet dismissed, so there was plenty of time to give the pretty pictured cards that Lilly had brought for that purpose, and the little children crowded around her, delighted with the gifts, and thanking her with their sweet smiles and

aweeter kisses.

And now, my little readers, it will, I know,

please you to hear that Lilly is a lively girl of twelve years, and a good, kind, Christian

friend. There is, in all the which she attends, no happier, fun-loving ere very body ackn is religion. he is her mother's gh compliment igh compliment for any daug one know her who do not love

beautiful consistency.

"I don't believe in the profession of some
of the girls, but Lilly living I do think is
a Christian," is a remark often made concerning her. "Yos," says another, "she carries
"Yos," says another, "she carries

countenance."

now a lad of thirteen, bids fair to b always been oses on the ton "JUST SAY JESUS

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gand for the Daily Confort and I of the Redeemer's Flock. oun under his shadow with great a

Jan. 2.—My grace is sufficient for then; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.—2 Cor. xii. 2.

eromise! What millions has it every case with deliverance or sustaining power. that can I wish for in an heritage, th to be found in God? Do I covet la: sions? He is immensity. Do I want a durable estate? He is immutability. Do I sigh for permanent possession? He is eternity itself. Do l ong for the possession of my heavenly e He will guide me with his counsel, and after receive me to glory. Blessed, inexhaustible ain of grace! "I feel," said John Newton. "like allowed to draw for all he wants upon one in nitely rich: I am, therefore, at once, both a bo gar and a rich man."-I will therefore ear covet more grace-for grace is the silver that draws the golden link of clory after it.

> Warz, I'm prepared for every some, By grace both rich and free. It quits me for the Christian fight, It leads to victory.

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